Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God bee thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerlands*.
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: v
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come fro
Hot. Letters from him? why c
Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lo
Hot. Zounds, how haz he the
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who lea
Vnder whoſe gouernement con
Meſſ. His letters beares his m
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth h
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure
And at the time of my departu
He was much feard by his Phiſi
Wor. I would the ſtate of time
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſi
His health was neuer better wor
Hot. Sicke now, droope now,
The very life-bloud of our enter
T'is catching hither, euen to ou
He writes me here, that inward
And that his friends by deputat
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a
On any ſoule remou'd, but on h
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduert
That with our ſmall coniunctio
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd t
For, as he writes, there is no qu
Becauſe the King is certainely p
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay yo
Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very li
And yet, in faith, it is not his pre
Seemes more then we ſhall find i
To ſet the exact wealth of all ou
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a m
On the nice hazzard of one dou
It were not good, for therein ſh

H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C